

CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

DEVOTED TO DOCTRINE, MORALITY, LITERATURE, AND RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE

WE ARE AMBASSADORS FOR CHRIST... BE YE RECONCILED TO GOD.

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D. Skinner, W. S. Balch, O. A. Skinner, S. C. Bulkeley, and
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HADES---AION---KOSMOS.

BY REV. O. A. SKINNER.

Though we have given a somewhat extended and critical notice of the Englishman's Greek Concordance, we wish to refer to it again, for the purpose of showing its great utility to the clergyman and biblical student. Containing, as it does, every word in the New-Testament, with all its different renderings, the enquirer has only to turn to any word which he wishes to investigate, and he will see at a single glance the various senses in which it is used. In order to illustrate this, we will transcribe from the Concordance all the texts where the word *hades* occurs.

- Matt. xi. 23. shalt be brought down to *hell*;
xvi. 18. the gates of *hell* shall not prevail.
Luke x. 15. shalt be thrust down to *hell*.
xvi. 23. in *hell* he lifted up his eyes.
Acts ii. 27. wilt not leave my soul in *hell*.
31. his soul was not left in *hell*.
1 Cor. xv. 55. O grave where (is) thy victory?
Rev. i. 18. have the keys of *hell* and of death.
vi. 8. was death, and *hell* followed.
xx. 13. death and *hell* delivered up the
14. death and *hell* were cast into

From the above it will be seen. 1. That *hades* is used eleven times in the New-Testament. 2. That it is the place to which the soul of the Saviour went at death. 3. That it shall deliver up its dead, and thus lose its victory. 4. That though sometimes used to denote a state of misery, it in no instance expresses a state of endless misery.

By referring to the connection in which the texts quoted are found, it will be seen 1. That, at least, in two instances (Matt. xi. 23. Luke x. 15) where it signifies a state of misery, it is misery in this world; for it is used to express the opposite of a high state of national prosperity. Capernaum, which was exalted to heaven—highly favored—greatly prosperous—should be brought down to *hell*—should lose its prosperity and be as greatly cursed as it had been blessed. 2. That in one instance (Luke xvi. 23) it is used in the narrative of a parable—which narrative is made up of the vulgar opinions of the Savior's times in regard to futurity, and employed to represent events to take place upon the earth. Consequently, the sense in which it is here employed, is no more to be regarded as its true sense, than the other opinions of which the narrative is composed, are to be regarded

as true—such for instance as the following—Lazarus carried by angels to the bosom of Abraham—the great gulf—flames of fire—water to cool the tongue, &c. &c. 3. We learn that *hell* shall be destroyed. Its gates—its counsels—its power shall not prevail against the church, but the church shall prevail against them; *hell* shall deliver up its dead—and be cast into the lake of fire—a figure of speech to denote its utter destruction.

In order to illustrate still farther the value of this Concordance, I will refer to the words *aion* and *kosmos*. To give all the instances in which these words occur would be useless. A few cases will answer my purpose. *Kosmos* is always rendered *world*; *aion* is variously rendered—sometimes *world*, *worlds*, *ever*, *never*, *eternal*, *ages*, *course*. Thus we have “the end of the world”—“the end of this world”—“the cares of this world”—“the world to come”—“while the world standeth”—to whom be glory forever and ever”—“that in the ages to come”—“according to the eternal purpose”—“world without end”—“hid from ages and generations”—“beginning of the world”—course of the world.”—Here we see how variously *aion* is rendered and how variously it is used. We have the *end of the world*, the *end of this world*, the *beginning of the world*—the *world standeth*—the world to come, in all of which cases it is unquestionably limited. We have also the phrases—ages to come—course of the world—*hid from ages*—*never wash my feet*. Here it does not mean endless. Thus a reference to the places where it occurs, shows the reader at once, that *aion* is a very ambiguous word; and that of itself, it does not express endless duration; for if it did, we should not read of its *beginning* and *end*—it would not be used in the *plural*—it would not be applied to things temporal—and we should not find it occurring in a reduplicate form, as *forever and ever*. Therefore, no argument can be built upon the word, to prove that misery is endless.

Kosmos, though always rendered *world*, is once employed to signify ornament, which, according to Parkhurst, is a very common use of it among Greek writers; it is often applied to the whole frame of the material heavens and earth; often to the earth; often to all mankind; often to the wicked part of the world; and often to the things of the world, as riches, honors, pleasures. A reference to the Concordance shows all this. Take the following cases—“showed him all the kingdoms of the world”—“ye are the light of the world”—“from the foundation of the world”—“gain the world”—for the sins of the whole world”—“love not the world”—“world of the ungodly”—“whose *adorning*, let it not be that outward *adorning*.”

From this it will be seen, that the Concordance will be of great service to the Biblical student in ascertaining the meaning of *aion* and *kosmos*, and the texts in which they occur. For instance. Suppose he wishes to ascertain the sense of Matt. xii. 32, in which it is said, the sin against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven, neither in this world, neither in the world to come. He turns to *kosmos*, but he does not find the text. Besides, in looking over the texts in which it occurs, he sees why he does not—it is never used to denote either a period of time or

a spiritual state of being. He then turns to *aion*, and there he finds the text; and he sees readily why *aion* was employed, and not *kosmos*; for different periods of time are spoken of. If he then asks, what period of time is meant by *this world*, and what by the *world to come*, he finds his answer in such passages as the following—"the harvest is the end of the world"—"so shall it be at the end of this world"—"the ends of the world are come"—"now once in the end of the world hath he appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself." No one can fail to see, that these texts refer to a period of time; and not to the material universe. Neither can any one fail to see that the period of time to which they refer was the Jewish dispensation. At the close of that, Christ appeared—at the close of that he died a sacrifice for sin. This world then, in Matt. xii. 32, means the Jewish world or age. Consequently, the world to come must mean, not eternity, but the age or world which succeeded the Jewish. Hence the time in which forgiveness could not be obtained did not extend into eternity.

Take another case. Suppose the enquirer wishes to investigate the parable of the tares, he finds in the Savior's explanation the following expressions—"the field is the world"—"the harvest is the end of the world"—"so shall it be in the end of this world." He then turns to his Concordance, and looks under *aion* for the verse—"the field is the world"—but it is not there; two others are there, however, "the harvest is the end of the world"—"so shall it be in the end of this world." In the first case *kosmos* is used, in the other two *aion*. Now, why was *aion* used? The reason is plain. He was not speaking of the end of the material world; if he had been he would certainly have used *kosmos*, for that is frequently used to signify the material world. The reason for using *kosmos* in the text, the field is the world, is equally plain, for *aion* never signifies mankind, while *kosmos* often does. The meaning then is, mankind are the field—the harvest is the end of the Jewish age—not of the material world, for if it had been *kosmos* would have been used.

CHRISTIAN GEMS.

TRUTH.

"Truth is the glory of time, and the daughter of eternity; she is the life of religion, the light of love, the grace of wit, and the crown of wisdom; she is the brightness of honor, the blessing of reason, and the joy of earth;—she is the angel's worship, the saint's bliss, and martyr's crown; she hath a pure eye, a plain hand, a piercing wit, and a perfect heart. Her tongue never trips, her heart never faints, her hand never fails, and her faith never fears. She is honored in love, and graced in constancy; in patience admired, and in charity beloved."—*Anonymous.*

DIVINE GOODNESS.

The goodness of God is of all subjects of inquiry, that which is most interesting to us. It is the goodness of him to whom we owe, not merely that we exist, but that we are happy, or miserable now, and according to which we are to hope or fear for a future, that is not limited to a few years, but extends through all the ages of immortality. The paternal and filial relation is the only one which can be considered as faintly representing this goodness. Nor is it to be counted a slight part of this goodness, that God has given us this very goodness as an object of our thought, and has thus opened to us, inexhaustibly, a pure and sublime pleasure in the contemplation of those divine qualities, which are themselves the source of all the pleasures, that we feel.—*Dr. Thos. Brown.*

THE RESURRECTION.

Earthly enjoyments take to themselves wings and fly away. All that is dear to us below the sun will soon depart. The wrinkles of age and the infirmities of decayed constitutions, admonish us that our time is but short. Look we at the dear companions of our bosoms? There are the wastes of time and marks of decay.—Look we at the rose of health, and the lily of beauty in the circle of our domestic delights? How soon will the worm of mortality wither these sweetly blushing flowers, and strew their leaves in the dust! How soon will that glorious sun which hath illumined our delighted eyes, cease to give us light, and all the charms of nature recede from our enjoyment. With such reflections we advance to the margin of this perturbed ocean of mortality, and here we see our friends, one after another drop into the yawning deep, and they are hid from our eyes which shall see them no more. On this dark ocean, the day star of hope arises; of that hope which is an anchor to the soul entering into that within the veil, whither the forerunner is for us entered. By this holy light, we look to the blooming fields of immortality, with the assurance that we shall meet our kindred souls in those mansions of everlasting peace and joy. How precious is this theme of divine truth.—*Rev. Hosea Ballou.*

THE BIBLE.

That the truths of the Bible have the power of awakening an intense moral feeling in man under every variety of character, learned, or ignorant, civilized or savage, that they make men good and send a pulse of healthful feeling through all the domestic, civil, and social relations; that they teach man to aspire after a conformity to a Being of infinite holiness, and fill him with more purifying and more exalted hopes than any other which the world has ever known, are facts incontrovertible as the laws of philosophy, or the demonstrations of mathematics. Wherever the Bible is freely circulated, and its doctrines carried home to the understanding of men, the aspect of society is altered; the frequency of crime is diminished, men begin to love justice and to administer it by law, and a virtuous public opinion, that strongest safeguard of right spreads over a nation the shield of its invisible protection.—*Wayland.*

UNIVERSAL SALVATION.

We thank God that our souls are linked with our race for weal and for woe. In the conviction that Jesus Christ is the Savior of the whole world, "the God of hope fills us with joy and peace in believing," yea, we find "a peace that passeth all understanding." We have learned that where sin abounded, grace did much more abound, and that where sin hath reigned unto death, even there shall grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life. We see in God a Universal Father; in Christ a Universal Savior; in Heaven a Universal Home. We look forward with confidence to the final issue of God's vast plan of human redemption, and trust without one disquieting thought, that Infinite Love will gain a victory, complete, universal and forever.—*Rev. T. J. Sawyer.*

REVELATION.

We ask with confidence whether at that period of the world when science unveiled all her splendors, and irradiated the discovered globe from pole to pole; when Philosophy sat upon her throne enjoying the zenith of her power, and when reason had attained the meridian of her glory; a system more honorable to God, more adapted to the wants and the felicity of man, and more productive of moral excellence than that which is suggested in the Scriptures, was produced? We defy skepticism to answer in the affirmative. Did the mild

philosophy of Socrates and of Plato; did the elegant mind of Cicero; did all the heathen philosophers in their combined exertions ever produce such affecting elucidations of divine mercy, such delightful discoveries of life and immortality? they never did.—*Dr. W. B. Collyer.*

FAITH.

It is difficult to conceive the horrible sense of utter helplessness and destitution that would sink down upon our hearts like the deadening oppression of an incubus, did not the idea of a superintending Guardian afford relief. We should literally be orphan creatures, amid an unsheltered, abandoned universe, reaching after protection, grasping for some permanent security, and finding nothing but cruel despair. Who can bear to look into an infinite chasm of nonentity? Who can endure that this sunny existence should go out like a flash, in everlasting extinction? Who can lay down this animated thrilling being, and become but a lump of hard clay, a mass of dry dust, thoughtless and senseless forevermore? No wonder then, that we cling to the promise of immortality, which like a glorious morning shall follow the night of the grave. No wonder that we regard with unspeakable interest, that overruling Providence which is our only possible security, and which alone can afford us adequate protection, amid our weakness and ignorance.—*Dr. Hosea Ballou, 2d.*

GIVE GOD THE GLORY.

Though we had the tongues of angels; though we had strength of intellect to grapple the most sublime mysterious topics; though on the wings of meditation we could spring from the boundaries of this world and hold converse with the skies; though with the most commanding eloquence we could roll like the thunder or be soft and sweet as the music of the spheres; still, we must disclaim all praise;—still we must say, “Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory.”—*Rev. J. Parsons.*

Original.

FIVE YEARS' RESIDENCE IN NEW LONDON, CONN.
NUMBER XIII.

BY REV. T. J. GREENWOOD.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—In addition to the circumstances which afford encouragement to our friends in New-London, in the advancing spirit of nobler views of God, His government and designs, which prevail everywhere; and the prospects which open up in the improved business of the place, calculated to increase its population, there is another of no inconsiderable importance. It is found in the fact that the Society has recently disposed of its church, by sale, to a number of seceders from the Baptist church formerly under the care of Elder Swan.

This movement, one of the most important ever made by the Society, has not been made without due reflection, nor, it will be readily admitted, without feelings of sorrow and regret. The Church was one of the most beautiful in the denomination of Universalists, indeed, far the most elegant building ever completed in New London. It was begun and finally completed amid much toil, and anxiety, and sacrifice; and the Society had enjoyed the delightful privilege, as a reward for their sacrifice, of worshipping within its consecrated close, that God and FATHER, to whose service they had given it in solemn dedication. They had witnessed, while worshipping there, the growing sympathy of their fellow-citizens, and the slow, but sure onward progress of their holy cause. In it, they had together mingled their joys, in the days of prosperity and blessing, for the holy faith it was giv-

en them to cherish; and in it, in the hour of sorrow and bereavement, had they mingled their tears, as they thought of their loss of friends, departed to the spirit-land; and in prayers and devotion had they sought successfully, that solace which the bereaved ones need; in the unfolding hope of the “glorious Gospel of the blessed God,” and their hearts became strongly wedded to the place. They would gladly have made it their place of worship for many, many years to come; and it was hard to give it up! But they considered well the circumstances in which they were placed—they weighed their pecuniary abilities; and, in desire to place themselves in a condition to do most for the cause of truth, they deemed it prudent, even at the sacrifice of much feeling, to give up the house! Its location, the best that could be procured at the time, was considerably away from the business part of the city, and no profitable use could be made of any part of the building, except as a place of public worship. Moreover, its erection had left the Society burdened with a debt of nearly half the value of the church, the interest of which they felt would always bear heavily on their growth and prosperity; and having a favorable opportunity to dispose of it, they have, I judge, wisely done so, with a view to better their pecuniary condition, as well as to accommodate themselves with a more central location. The intention now is, to erect a church on one of the most business streets of the city, similar to those in Boston and other large places, having stores in the basement; which, in a community of ordinary prosperity, will rent for a sum sufficient to pay interest on the whole cost of the building; all of which can be done for a less sum than they have obtained for the church they have sold. Thus, freed from the embarrassment of a heavy debt, they will have but the current expenses of the society to meet, which, by the rent of the pews, and the liberality of the willing, they will be abundantly able to do.

Meantime the society has procured a convenient Hall, which it will use as a place of worship for the present, and their meetings, their Sunday School, and the ordinances of their church, will continue uninterrupted.

It is true, alas! it is too painfully true, that if ALL now resident in New London, whose minds are convinced of the truth of Universalism, could feel the duty or the independence to break away from the trammels that hold them to a reluctant support, by pecuniary means, of other and opposing systems, in which they have no particle of faith, and to give their support, even in a small degree, to the cause which has the assent of their judgment, the step which the society have felt impelled to take might have been forever untrod; and the house, sufficient in its accommodations, might always have remained in the easy possession of those who had toiled to rear it. But many have stood aloof, and chosen to see others sacrifice their means and their feelings in a good and holy cause, and it has been left for those who chose to act the honest convictions of their minds, to pursue the course which duty has marked out for them. Thus far they have remained faithful: and we have no fears that they will ever falter. Their past devotion is the guarantee of future success; and we have strong faith that abundant prosperity will yet attend them.

Whenever I have, thus far, spoken of New London as a place, it has been mainly with reference to its business facilities; but the fact must not be overlooked, that as a place of residence, and particularly of summer resort, from the heat, and dust, and turmoil of larger cities, it is, in many respects, unsurpassed by any place in the Union. The fact of its eligibility in this respect has not been unknown to the travelling public, but the lack of public spirit which has always laid like an incubus on the energies of the place, has been known and felt in its par-

alyzing results, and while other places have, with far less inviting circumstances, reared their spacious hotels, and opened every inducement to win the sojourner to their borders, New London has never yet afforded a building as a public house which would rank, in convenience or accommodation, with a modern third class hotel. I am not disposed to say that the landlords there have not been desirous to do all they could with their means, to accommodate company, but, with all their willingness, they could not do that which was beyond their power. In this respect, then, as with regard to many others, it is believed that it may soon be said of New London, that

"A change has come o'er the spirit of its dream."

For even as a fashionable "watering place,"—as the phrase is,—it is not surpassed in natural facilities by any other; and whoever looks to it as a place of permanent residence, will find it one of the most healthful and delightful spots in New England. Its fine location, its facilities for sea-bathing, and the unsurpassed opportunities which it affords for water-excursions, and piscatory pleasures, will yet render it a place of more than ordinary importance; and there will be put in requisition at no distant day, those accommodations, which, with their availability, added to the other inducements, will do very much to bring about a state of general prosperity, besides bringing many into the place, not trained by discipline, and pecuniary interest to the sectarian harness; and even in that city it will yet be deemed as *popular* to be honest in the great cause of Religion, as it has been to follow the few, who hold the multitude away from the path of their convictions. With these changes and advances, I have no doubt that the Universalist Society in New London will share liberally in the good, and desirable results; and be settled on a foundation which cannot be moved. For, indeed, the whole aspect of business minds there, and their modes of thinking have become changed. They see that it is important, in order to permanent prosperity, that New London should be *a part of the world*, instead of a speck of uninterested *isolation*; and the iron bands that will soon hold it to the world around, will, I have no doubt, become conductors of an electric power of enterprise, which shall infuse new life into its every nerve, and that city, admirable in its location, will constitute the centre of a line of Railroad, the shortest, and most direct of any from Boston to New York; as well as the ocean-mart of a commercial business, for which it has facilities unsurpassed by any other place. For, besides what is already under contract, there is only needed the addition of a railroad from New London to New Haven, to make the iron chain between Boston and New York complete; and for this a charter has already been obtained, and the road will be built; and the enterprising will avail themselves of the many advantages which the place affords; while the man of wealth and leisure will be drawn thither, to enjoy the luxury of natural scenery, which, in its rude state mingles the wild and grand in an eminent degree, and which, when art shall have lent its finishing aid, will put on a beauty and a loveliness which few places can attain!

Original.

THOUGHTS ON THE RESURRECTION. NUMBER TWO.

BY REV. F. M. ALVORD.

"And are the children of God, being the children of the resurrection."—Luke xx, 36.

The resurrection will produce a great moral change in the condition of our whole race. And if there were no

further proof of this than the simple Scriptural declaration at the head of this article, it would be sufficient to show, that in the immortal world, man will, strictly and truly, be a moral being—will be surrounded with influences that shall continually draw him nearer and nearer to the perfection and glory of God.

"And are the children of God, being the children of the resurrection." What are we to understand by this language, if it does not teach that mankind will be made to resemble their Father in heaven—will bear his moral image or likeness, when they shall obtain the future world, and the resurrection of the dead. He is the Creator of all beings—He hath made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell on all the face of the earth. All are His children by creation, and preservation; but there is a higher sense in which we may become his children here, and which we trust all will in the immortal world, viz., in character, in spirit, and in truth. By moral resemblance, by an assimilation to his nature and perfections, by being moulded into his divine image, we become his children in the highest and most perfect sense of the term.

We are commanded to be followers of God as dear children, i.e. we are to imitate His divine perfections; we are to become imbued with the life and spirit of the Gospel, the life of holiness, and the spirit of love and good will to men. To the same effect our Savior taught, in his sermon on the mount, when he declared, "But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven; for he maketh the sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." Here we are taught that by cultivating the spirit of unbounded and universal kindness and benevolence, by forgiving all injuries, and by overcoming evil with good, we become characteristically the children of our Father in heaven, who is good unto all, and as a witness of his universal kindness and love, causes his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth his rain on the just and on the unjust. "As many as are led by the spirit of God, they are the sons of God."

Sonship in this life is acquired as we are led by the spirit of God, as the affections of the soul become purified and enlarged, and as the entire being becomes assimilated to the character of God, which is love. But this moral purification, this *anastasis*, or rising up of the soul to holiness and bliss, is not perfected in this state of existence. It is begun here, but not till the law of the mind is freed from the law in the members, not till men are brought completely under the influence of the divine spirit, and shall bear the image of the heavenly man, will they be truly, and in the highest sense, the children of God. We now can see the true meaning of the Savior's language, "And are the children of God, being the children of the resurrection." Through the resurrection men attain to that moral elevation, to that spiritual communion with the Father, to that moral likeness of God, which in the purest, highest, and holiest sense, makes them his children.

Carroll, N. Y., April, 1849.

Original.

WHAT IS RELIGION?

BY REV. J. J. AUSTIN.

Religion consists in being good, and doing good; consists in avoiding temptation and sin, and in loving and benefitting the world; consists in loving God supremely, and mankind universally; or, as the Scriptures say,

"Pure religion, and undefiled, before God and the Father, is this: To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

By the "fatherless and widows" are intended all who need our sympathy, our care, our kindness, our active, practical, deed-doing affection—all to whom we may *do* good.

By keeping one's self "unspotted from the world" means, avoiding the temptations of the world, the sins of the world—keeping the mind free, the thoughts pure, the heart holy—means, in short, to *be* good.

Hence, to *be* good, and *do* good, constitutes the religious character—the religion of the Bible—the religion exemplified in the life of Christ.

On the other hand, the religion of the churches, is most clearly a religion of fear; it is based upon fear; it appeals to fear; its fruits are those of fear. The religion of the Bible is one of love. That narrows down the range of the mental vision; this gives it almost a prophet's ken. That closes up the heart; this expands it. The religion of the churches is not worth the having, it is worse than useless; the religion of the Bible is worth a thousand mines like California—a thousand worlds, indeed, would not compare with its wealth.

Who, then, is the religious man? Is he, the church-member who is dishonest in his dealing? Is he, the sanctimonious man, "who with one hand puts a penny in the urn of poverty, and with the other takes a shilling out?" Is he, the pharisaic man, "who steals the livery of the court of heaven to serve the devil in?" Is he, the self-righteous man, who adds to his ill-gotten gold by grinding the face of the poor? Is he, the loud-praying man, who is outwardly "like unto a whited sepulchre," but within, full of corruption and all uncleanness?" Is he any of these? No, none of them. But the *good* man is the *religious* man, the world over. He is the man "who visits the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and keeps himself unspotted from the world."

Webster, N. Y.

Foreign Correspondence.

LETTER—NO. XL.

NEW YORK, Oct. 27, 1849.

After a general survey of the curious old town of Antwerp, we left by railroad for Ghent, by way of Mechlin. At the latter place we took the main road from Ostend to Cologne, which connects with the road on which we traveled as far as Dresden, and which will soon be completed to Prague, Vienna, and Trieste; parts of which are already in operation. This will form a continuous road across the continent, and greatly expedite the travel from England to the Levant, enabling a person to leave London, and in six or seven days be in Egypt or Palestine. The same places can be reached in about twenty days from New York or Boston.

Ghent, like other Flemish cities, looks old and dilapidated, though it still retains traces of its former greatness and glory. It once contained 175,000 inhabitants. At present there are not over half that number. It was, at one time, the capital of Flanders, and among the largest and handsomest cities of Europe. The love of liberty was early cherished here, and its citizens were among the first to burst the incrustation of feudalism which had so long held the nations in the most abject servitude. The weavers were first to rebel. Then burghers and artisans armed themselves, and, in several battles, won victories over the French and English, which, for a time, promised them permanent liberty. But they were

at length overpowered, and the people subjected to the most abject humiliation—the most distinguished being compelled to march out of the city almost naked, with halters about their necks, and to kiss the dust at the feet of their conquerors. The curse of oppression has finally well nigh ruined its prosperity. In the days of Bonaparte, when attached to France, it regained something of its former activity as a place of manufacture, receiving great encouragement to help on this continental system, by supplying cotton goods which had before been imported from England. But the late revolution, which has created the kingdom of Belgium, has given another blow under which it is still staggering.

The town is romantically situated on the Scheldt and Lys, a part of it extending up an elevated bank which overlooks the vast plains about it. We did not tarry long enough to take more than a general survey of the town. We were growing weary, and home was *before* us. The station-house, when completed, will be a magnificent building. It is about the only sign of improvement in the town. The Bell Tower is an object of peculiar attraction, both for the extensive view it affords, and the historical reminiscences connected with it. There is also a full complement of grand churches, duly ornamented with carved wood statues and fine paintings by the Flemish masters. Americans have associated with Ghent the conclusion of a treaty with England, by which the difficulties of the late war were settled, and a peace agreed on which promises to be of long duration.

There are few objects of interest from Ghent to Lille. The country is generally level, dry, and well cultivated. The people live in towns or villages. It is rare to see farm-houses with barns and out-buildings, as we do in our own country. Lille is in France, a fortified town, and a place of considerable importance on account of its cotton manufactories. The streets are generally narrow and dirty, and there are no very distinct marks of ancient or modern splendor. A railroad has just been opened to Calais, by which a fair portion of the travel from London to Paris, which had been diverted by the road from Boulogne, will be restored, and the eligibility of this city be kept up. We spent several hours at Lille, not because there was much to attract our notice, but because we had to wait for the evening train from Calais to take us to Amiens. The most distinct remembrance of this place, is the enormous charge for a supper,—10f. for two. Let travelers beware.

In the evening we left for Amiens, where we slept. At Douai, celebrated most for the Catholic translation of the Bible made there, we came upon the road by which we went to Belgium. Amiens is another old town, which retains, however, its age very well. Its cathedral is an object of attraction. About the railroad station there is signs of considerable animation, and several pretty villas are in the country about the city.

We arrived in Boulogne before noon, where we spent several hours—time enough to see all worth seeing. The old town is walled about, and, standing on the summit of a hill, makes a very romantic appearance. But that is a mere hamlet, compared with the new or lower town. The finest view we had was from the high land upon the shore of the Channel, from which we had a distinct view of the English coast. The autumn sun was shining serenely, and everything was solemnly beautiful. Europe and our travels were behind us, England, the Atlantic, and our home before. We sat upon the grass-covered mounds, which had been thrown up in the time of Bonaparte, near the column which it is said he ordered to be erected in honor of his departure to conquer England, an enterprize which he did not quite accomplish. There we mused with such reflections as never arose in our minds before. The excitement and novelty

of travel was over. We should soon be where our own language would be spoken, and all we had seen and heard would be objects of memory.

In three hours we crossed the Channel, which was tranquil, and the shores of France receded from our sight. We landed at Falkerstone, and underwent the most tedious and perplexing custom house inspection we had met in all our travels. And we were not alone to find fault. The passengers were all sent on shore, the baggage was then heaped into the custom house and arranged. Those persons having single pieces were permitted to enter and select their own, and have it separated. Next those with two pieces, and last, those of three or more. I had one piece, and friend H. two, so I contrived to get mine through, and then come back and look up one of his and pass it through. But all this did not prevent us from being left behind the evening train to London. We did not, however, care, as we preferred to ride in the day time. But we united with the Englishmen in a most clamorous denunciation of the miserable management of the Customs, delayed on purpose to keep the travellers in Falkerstone, so as to patronize the hotels. The examination was not strict at all; but everything was delayed till the cars from Dover had passed.

The next day to London, where we spent four days in looking about the city, calling on friends, visiting Windsor Castle, and objects of curiosity which we looked upon comparatively with those more grand and ancient we had seen on the continent, contrasting St. Paul's with St. Peter's, Buckingham with Sans Souci, London with Berlin, &c.

On the 11th, we bade farewell to London and started for Southampton, where we arrived in five hours, and went directly on board the steamer *United States*, to arrange trunks and make the acquaintance of our quarters. The evening and next forenoon we looked about this pleasant town. England is cultivated with more taste and judgment than the continent. The people are more industrious and enterprising, and display far more taste in the arrangement of the fields. The soil is generally better suited to a display of shrubbery and flowers than much on the Continent. Germany is too sandy; Holland and the north of France is too level; Italy too dry. Switzerland lacks the neatness which England displays. It is all the Swiss can do to supply actual necessities. But parts of this country, especially Cantons Berne and Vaud, with the south of France, have natural advantages and beauties superior to any country I have seen.

On the 12th, at one o'clock, the engine started, and we bade adieu to the Old World, with fine prospects and high hopes of a speedy passage to the New. Now then, thirteen days were afforded us for reflection upon the wonders we had seen, and to prepare us for the changes we were to witness. Nothing worthy of note occurred during our passage, or else we were so much busied with our own musings and anticipations that we were indifferent to them. Our noble ship careered proudly on her way, regardless alike of storm and calm, and keeping a dry deck except in rainy weather.

We saw land on the afternoon of the 25th, Black Island and Montauk Point, and a joyful sight it was, for it was our country, the home of our friends, and the abode of freedom and prosperity. Strange feelings are awakened at the sight of one's home, from which he has been sometime absent. Europe and America; the Old World and the New; liberty and oppression; Democracy and Monarchy; a whole people in the full and peaceful enjoyment of their rights, and whole masses lying crushed and suffering, writhing and straining for liberty long denied them; rural cottages and crumbling castles, vast forests and wild prairies, olive orchards and

rich vineyards; new villages rising as by magic, and ruined cities; everything comes up in a wild confusion, which overwhelms the mind till the reverie is broken by the actual preparation to go on shore.

At 8 o'clock we approached the city, and in half an hour dropped anchor off Fulton market. A detention of a few minutes for the proper officers to look at the contents of our trunks, and we were taken on shore by a row-boat, and again set foot on American soil, thankful to Almighty God for the preservation of our lives and health, and for a safe return to our native land, and the bosoms of our friends. We lost no time in hastening to our home, where we arrived at five minutes before 10, having been absent six months lacking five minutes, travelled more than ten thousand miles, and spent a little over \$600.

W. S. B.

In the course of these letters I have sought to display as intelligibly as I could the impressions gained as I passed along my journey. In all cases they were hastily composed and frequently sent off without a single reading or correction. Of course they contain many errors in composition which might have been avoided under more favorable circumstances. But I am happy in the assurance that they have been well received and found generally interesting.

I have received numerous and pressing requests, and from many and respectable sources, to have them published in book form. This I cannot consent to do. But for the satisfaction of such and my friends generally, I would say, that I have in preparation a book which will be made up from my notes, which were made with more care than my letters, and embraced many topics not included in them. The book will contain the substance of the letters re-written, and treat at length on many other subjects. I shall endeavor to make the book instructive, especially to the young and those not very familiar with the countries through which I travelled. The work is in process of compilation, and as soon as possible it shall be ready for publication.

W. S. B.

New York, May 1, 1849.

A BOLD STROKE FOR A HUSBAND.

A worthy farmer, living in a country village in France, and a widower, was recently aroused at midnight by the barking of a dog. On endeavoring to quiet the dog, he found him unusually agitated, whereupon the farmer took his gun and went out to look into the cause. All at once he saw a horrid phantom rise up behind the hedge clothed in a white sheet. He turned quite pale, and his limbs shook with dismay. At length, he plucked up sufficient courage to ejaculate—

"If you are from heaven, speak! If from the devil, vanish!"

"Wretch!" exclaimed the phantom, "I am your deceased wife, come from the grave to warn you not to marry Marie ———, to whom you are making love. She is unworthy to share my bed. The only woman to succeed me is Henrietta B———. Marry her or persecution and eternal torment shall be your portion."

This strange address from the goblin, instead of dismaying the farmer, restored his courage. He accordingly rushed on the ghastly visitor, and stripping off the sheet, discovered the fair Henrietta B——— herself, looking excessively foolish. It is said that the farmer, admiring the girl's trick, had the banns published for his marriage with her.

The steamer "*Niagara*" cleared from Boston on Tuesday morning with 101 passengers. She took no specie,

CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY MAY 12, 1849.

S. C. BULKELEY & CO., PUBLISHERS.

ENDLESS PUNISHMENT.

"The raining of fire and brimstone upon Sodom was a light punishment, when compared with the magazines of wrath which will explode over all the careless and incorrigible. They will be bound in everlasting chains, and subject to a perpetual night of clouds and storms. Their earthly feasts of merriments will be exchanged for mournful lamentations—their wicked pleasures for immortal anguish—and their spiritual negligence for 'the blackness of darkness forever and ever.' As the Gospel of Christ is not proclaimed in the pit of destruction, so there is neither pardon, nor peace, nor a state of trial, nor the means of grace! Alas for them, they will 'never taste of the goodness of God, nor drink of the rivers of his pleasures.'

A cheering beam of hope never comes to alleviate their sorrows, no soft hand ever wipes away their tears—no kind friend ever visits them in their distress—and the angel of mercy is neither permitted to administer a cordial, nor to apply a balm to their wounded spirits; no pleasant affections will ever spring up in these regions, for there is neither an eye to pity nor an arm to save!

There the Almighty 'speaks to them in his wrath, and views them in his sore displeasure,' causing all their sins to pass before them like birds of prey, and to meet them in every direction under a sky of everlasting darkness. His voice is against them eternally for evil, and when he speaks to them everlasting damnation beats high in every breast. There their sun is set to rise no more! There the prince of darkness reigns in his own place, and truly it is a land of darkness, and more than 'the shadow of death.' There the way to heaven is blocked up forever—the bridge is removed—the door is shut—and a 'great gulf is fixed.' Thus they are always in the pangs of the second death, and under the most terrible apprehensions of future wrath; and whatever they meditate upon, either past or present, will but increase their misery. They are also surrounded by the most abandoned society, robbed of every spark of good!

But, above all, it is the duration of this punishment which gives it such a mighty horror! It is this which renders it a *perfect state of misery*, and sounds the alarm throughout all these doleful regions. This is the ocean, into which all their rivers of pain are perpetually running, and this ocean is without bottom or shore. Thus everlasting despair will sit as a queen over them, exercising all her cruelty, while they curse the day which gave them birth, and unceasingly wish that they never had been born! Had they only one promise of relief after a lapse of time, however remote, they would hail it in a transport of joy, and even hell herself would be robbed of half her terrors. But alas! the prince of darkness will forever ride along in his sable chariot, triumphing over his millions of helpless beings, all rolling in one eternal flame; while streams of lightning blaze around with tremendous claps of thunder, peal after peal, constantly reminding them, that when millions of ages are past, what is past bears no proportion to that which is to come. No, not so much as one drop of water or a single grain of sand to the whole universe.

In view of such a subject well might the immortal bard exclaim,

"When sinks the soul at that dread sound,
Into a gulf how dark and how profound."

The above is from the "Christian Advocate and Journal," the Methodist paper published in this city. Its correspondent, "O. G. C." draws very largely upon the credulity and prejudices of his readers, in our judgment. One is almost ready to conclude that he neither deemed them capable of reasoning for themselves, nor of distinguishing between mere assumption and sober argument. To begin with, he heads his article "Endless Punishment," a phrase which he cannot find in all the Bible,

nor can he claim that it has its equivalent in Scripture. If the writers of the Bible believed and taught the doctrine of "endless Punishment," is it not a little singular that in no instance they have employed this term?

Then to speak of "the magazines of wrath exploding," &c., seems to us not only coarse and unpolished language, but it has no warrant or authority in the sacred Scriptures. The reader will observe that "O. G. C.," in his fanciful description of this "punishment" is quite inconsistent with himself, as well as "wise above what is written." At one time he has "*perpetual night* of clouds and storms, *everlasting darkness*, and then it is an "*eternal flame* and streams of lightning." Now, if it be a land of *darkness*, and the prince of darkness reigns there, and the blackness of darkness is there, how can it be a place of blazing lightning and magazines exploding, as the fire and brimstone that consumed Sodom and Gomorrah? This is not all; the devil, who was the original author and instigator of sin is here represented as a victorious King, apparently at his ease, "riding along in his sable chariot, triumphing over his millions of helpless beings, all rolling in one eternal flame," in *eternal darkness* and *perpetual night*, remember. Nothing is said of his suffering, while poor mortals, his dupes, are to "exchange their feasts of merriment for mournful lamentations." Satan is to ride over his victims in a chariot, "unwhipped of justice," and quite at his ease.

Then again, Christian reader, think of the idea of the Almighty taking an active part in the production of the torments of the damned. It is not enough for Satan to ride over their necks in his triumphal car of *eternal darkness* surrounded by eternal flames, but God, who is "love," who is represented as the Father of mercies, and who will not contend forever, the merciful God will speak to them apparently for the very purpose of adding to their torture.

If "O. G. C." has given us the description of a being who is good, "who will not keep anger forever," who "delighteth in mercy," and who "will not cast off forever," who is a Father, how will he describe a cruel, malignant being? We consider the views which he has given of Jehovah utterly unscriptural, and highly derogatory to his spotless character. The article entire is highly objectionable, alike opposed to reason and the Bible.

B. B. H.

HYMNS FOR CHRISTIAN DEVOTION.

This Hymn Book has been before the public nearly three years, and has been adopted by many of our largest and most influential Societies. Having used it for about three months, I feel that I am sufficiently acquainted with it to commend it to the attention of our denomination. The following are among its principal excellencies: 1. It has one thousand and eight hymns. 2. It has a large number of short hymns—hymns containing not more than two verses. 3. It has but few hymns exceeding four verses. 4. It has many hymns adapted to those subjects which the reforms and wants of the age demand should be frequently made the theme of discourse. 5. The principal part of its hymns are eminently devotional, full of a divine unction; and for poetic merit are equal to those of any book that we have ever seen. 6. Its hymns have variety, not only in their subjects, but in their metres and style. 7. A due prominence is given to the leading doctrines of our holy religion.

Such are some of the principal merits of this book, and they are merits which will make every settled pastor among us, prize it highly. It is exceedingly difficult in a book of only four or five hundred hymns, to make suitable selections for public wor-

ship for successive years. In using such a book, I have often felt deeply the necessity of more hymns; and sometimes I have thought that the people must be tired of hearing hymns repeated so often. I know that it may be said, that five hundred hymns would last for two services a Sabbath nearly two years. But it should be remembered, that a large number of them are occasional, and such as cannot be used in the regular services. Besides, there are many hymns which a minister does not find congenial to his taste, and which he never thinks of selecting.

A large number of short hymns is a great convenience. Two verses are as much as should be sung at the close of a service. A hymn of five or six verses, after a sermon, is exceedingly tedious. The principal part of the devotional exercises should always precede the sermon. Long hymns are objectionable in any part of a service. A hymn of four verses is as long as any choir ought to be asked to sing; or any congregation to hear, on ordinary occasions. But it is unpleasant to omit verses, and it is not always that they can be omitted without injury to the hymn.

In the book under consideration, the range of subjects is very extensive; but even in this, there are not hymns on all the subjects which a minister will discuss. And no minister should expect to find a book with hymns on all the topics upon which he may treat. It is by no means important to have such a book. A hymn on worship, on praise, on the Christian spirit is always suitable for commencing and closing a service. This book has many of this character. They will be found under the following heads: Introduction and close of worship; General Praise; The Gospel and its invitations; Christian character and life; Devout Exercises; Religious exultation; The Church and its ordinances.

We look upon this book as a great treasure. Though not without faults, it has fewer of them than any book with which we are acquainted. Though some of its hymns lack poetic merit, they are generally among the best ever published. It has but few prosaic hymns. As a whole the book is rife with the spirit of poetry and devotion. Its selections are made from the best authors, and no hymns seem to have been inserted merely to please personal friends. A little labor on a few of the original hymns, would have added greatly to their merit. Still, the wonder to us is, that the book is so perfect; that the compilers were always so discriminating. We are not surprised that it contains some ordinary hymns, but that it contains so few, and such a vast number that are equal to any ever written. Many, very many of them are almost inimitable.

The influence of this book will be very great on the cause of Religion. The hymns sung in our churches do almost as much to impress truth upon the mind, as preaching does. Few are aware of their power in this respect. Some place a very low estimate upon singing. They speak of it as though chiefly valuable for giving variety to the services of the sanctuary. Others think its whole advantage is found in the devotional feelings it awakens. On this effect we would by no means place a low estimate. The melody which it makes in the heart, is peculiarly favorable to piety, and gives to the Gospel a holy charm. Who can reject a truth borne to the soul on the sweet strains of sacred music? Who can refuse the homage of his heart, when God's own praise is chanted in his courts? But music does more than this. The hymns sung in our churches make us familiar with God and Christ, and all the great truths and duties of Religion. A distinguished statesman once said: "Let who will make the laws of a people; give me the making of their songs." As Christians we may say: Let who will make the

creeds of the Church; give us the selection of their hymns, and we will have but little fear of the prevalence of false doctrines. The hymns that have been sung in the Limitarian churches, have done more to perpetuate error than creeds have done. Watts will have much to answer for in this respect. Take the following as samples:

"Down headlong from the native skies
The rebel angels fell,
And thunderbolts of flaming wrath
Pursued them down to hell."

"My thoughts on awful subjects roll,
Damnation and the dead;
What horrors seize a guilty soul
Upon a dying bed."

* * * * *

Then swift and dreadful she descends
Down to the fiery coast,
Amongst abominable fiends,
Herself a frightened ghost."

"Far in the deep where horror dwells,
The land of darkness and despair,
Justice hath built a dismal hell,
And laid her stores of vengeance there."

Eternal plagues and heavy chains,
Tormenting racks of fiery coals,
And darts to inflict immortal pains,
Dyed in the blood of damned souls."

There Satan, the first sinner, lies,
And roars and bites his iron bands,
In vain the rebel tries to rise,
Crushed with the weight of both thy hands."

Where guilty ghosts of Adam's race,
Shriek out and howl beneath thy rod;
Once they could scorn a Savior's grace,
But they incensed a dreadful God."

Hymns like these have been among the chief supports of error. But thanks to the advancing light of the Gospel, they have fallen into disuse. It is but seldom that they are now sung in any church. From most of the modern orthodox hymn books they are entirely excluded. Those who believe in endless misery, think it is far from being a suitable theme for a hymn of praise. They do not like to kindle the flame of devotion with the fire of an endless hell. Praise implies something joyful; and though they expect to be very joyful in heaven, when they see their friends in torture, they are quite willing to wait till they get to heaven before they begin their song of praise for the endless agony of hell. The exclusion of these horrid hymns from public worship is a great triumph of truth. It shows that heathenism is dying out of the church, and that the spirit of benevolence is beginning to make all people feel that there are features in human creeds, which are too hideous to have a place in hymns of praise.

We will close by expressing our thanks to Mrs. Adams and Chapin for the manner in which they performed their work in compiling this book, and to the publisher, A. Tompkins, for the neat style in which it is printed and bound.

O. A. S.

THE GARDEN OF EDEN—Our thanks are due to J. M. Usher, 37 Cornhill, Boston, for a copy of a work on the above subject, from the pen of Rev. John Nichols, Pastor of the Universalist church in Halliston, Mass. It is a 12 mo. of nearly 150 pages, very well printed and neatly bound. Mr. Nichols is a sincere and devoted minister, and has toiled faithfully in the Gospel vineyard. The subject of his book is one of many intricacies and it would not be strange if he had many mistakes in his reasoning. We must give him the credit of much ingenuity, and of offering many valuable suggestions.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM BOSTON.

May-Day Morning—Flowers and Children—Gaities of Children—Wedding—Funerals—Flowers on the bosom of the Dead—Flowers on Graves—Death of Br. Scott and Br. Bevins.

DEAR BRETHREN:—I have resided in Boston about ten years, but it seems to me that I never saw so much attention paid to May-Day as I have witnessed to-day. Though business has not been suspended, the Common and streets have been thronged with children, full of life, and gaily decked with flowers. The general excitement that has prevailed, has reminded me much of New York gala day. The mayor kindly gave the children a holiday, and right well have they improved it. The weather has been warm, almost oppressively warm; but the day has been remarkably fine; and such a grand time I think the children of Boston never had before on the first of May. The Common has been awfully desecrated, if dancing could desecrate it; for all over there have been, during the whole day, groups of children dancing and singing most merrily. A more beautiful or inspiring scene could not be desired than it presented. Many of the children were plainly dressed, but all were decked with flowers. I have hardly seen a little girl without a wreath of flowers upon her head. Many of them, I suppose, were manufactured by their tiny fingers; but if I may judge by the crowds who returned to the city after their morning ramble in the country, some of the flowers were the real productions of nature. At the close of a wedding, which I attended in my church at 6 o'clock this morning, where a vast throng were assembled, one of the finest bouquets I ever saw was given me. It was presented by one in whose path many flowers have withered, and whose heart has felt so much of sorrow as to render it, at times, desponding. I trust that the gift bestowed was an emblem of returning cheerfulness, and that the gaities of this day may do something to inspire new hopes. Had I been as thoughtful as the friend who gave me the bouquet, I should have had one for the bride. And really, she deserves one; for she has toiled faithfully in rearing flowers in the garden of the Lord. She has been the friend of little children, and especially of those who have none to clothe and guide them. Some of the sweetest poems that I have ever read, have been from her pen, and well calculated to make the flowers of love and hope grow in desolate hearts. Her little hymn beginning:

"Think gently of the erring,"

of itself deserved a bouquet.

Flowers, to-day, have adorned many a beautiful brow and many a bosom beating with bright hopes. They have also adorned the brow and bosom of some sleeping in death. I have attended two funerals to-day—one of an excellent young man, whose brother preceded him just four months; and the other of a lovely child. I admire flowers any-where—in a garden—in a parlor—on the altar of prayer—but most do I admire them on the bosom of the dead. They drive away the gloom of death—they speak of another life, where flowers shall bloom forever, and no frost wither them, and no worm of mortality prey upon them. I love flowers also, upon the graves of the dead. They not only show that the departed are not forgotten, but they nourish the blessed hope of immortality. In our lovely Mount Auburn many graves are decked with flowers. To me they speak of a purer affection than costly marble.

In speaking of the dead I am reminded of Br. Bevins and Br. Scott, who have recently gone to their long home. Alas! and

can it be, that they are no more? Both of them loved the Sabbath School, and labored in it with great fidelity. Br. Bevins was in the Orchard-street school during nearly the whole term of my ministry in New York. I loved him as a brother, for he was attentive to his duties and ever manifested a lively interest in the welfare of the School. Br. Abel, in communicating the particulars of his death, in a most interesting letter I received a few days since, informs me that he was remarkably calm and resigned, and that his death was one of the most triumphant ever witnessed. It caused even a Baptist minister to admit that a Universalist could be a Christian. His funeral was attended by Br. Abel. "The memory of the just is blessed." O. A. S.

DEATH OF BR. MERRITT SANFORD.

We are much pained to announce the death of this Brother in the ministry. He died at Warren, Mass., on the 26th ult., in the 37th year of his age. The First Universalist Society at Lynn, with whom Br. S. had formerly labored, passed the following Preamble and Resolutions, which we copy from the "Trumpet."

Whereas, It has pleased the Universal Father, in the plenitude of His wisdom, to remove our late pastor, and well beloved Br. Merritt Sanford, from the scene of his earthly labors, to cut him down in the midst of life, and an extended sphere of usefulness, Therefore

Resolved, That we recognized in Br. Sanford, one of the brightest ornaments of Society—a faithful, talented, and useful minister, a tender and devoted husband, and affectionate and beloved brother and friend.

Resolved, That we cherish his memory with sentiments of profound esteem and affection, that we deeply sympathize with his afflicted companion and relatives, in their sad bereavement, and tender to them the assurance of our sincere sympathy and condolence, and commend them to that Gospel which he both preached and adorned by his life, for the consolation they so much need in this their hour of trial.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions, signed by the Trustees and Clerk of this Society, be forwarded to Mrs. Sanford, and that they be published in the Trumpet and Christian Freeman.

GUSTAVUS ATTWILL,
GEO. W. LORD,
NATHL. BLANCHARD,
ALANSON BURRILL,
EDMUND PERRY,
C. M. TODD,
JOE C. WAITT.

Trustees.

JAMES M. SARGENT, Clerk.

Lynn, April 30th, 1849.

Br. S. has thus been called, in the bloom of manhood, to his final rest. For the sake of our cause, for the sake of weeping, heart-stricken mourners, we would have said, 'let this cup pass' from us, but God does right, and knows what is best. Let his will be done.

"MERRY'S MUSEUM."—The May No. of this sprightly monthly has come to our office, filled as usual with a pleasing variety suited to the little folks. "Peter Parley," is no novice in getting up "palatable dishes for the young." Many a long winter evening, that otherwise might have been tedious and gloomy, has been made pleasant and merry by his tales. "The Merry's Museum and Peter Parley's Playmate," is published at 149 Nassau, by D. Mc Donald, & Co. S. C. Goodrich, Editor, at \$1.00 a year in advance. If our young friends wish to have a peaceable and good humored summer playmate let them prevail on their parents to subscribe for Merry's Museum.

J. M. Usher has published a Sabbath School book, designed for the use of small children. He will please to accept our thanks for a copy.

REV. JOHN F. SCOVIL.

The above named individual is the clerical libertine who is called "Elder Scofield" in the notice you copied from the Tribune, and published in your paper of the 20th ult. There is a slight mistake in the name; but I doubt none of the facts alleged against him, viz. his criminal intercourse with another man's wife; and his seduction of two others, and his flight to New York.

That same man was, for several years, pastor of the Presbyterian church in this village; and, in my opinion, his true character has long been understood by the knowing ones of his flock. What shall we think of their great claims to superior purity?

The last news of him, which has been made public, comes from the city of New York by letter. It is now said, that his wife has gone to him "like a good Christian, and has forgiven him." Thus the old cant is still kept up. Will he not soon have a new field of labor? Let the public look out.

Glens Falls, April 20, 1849.

J. BAKER.

THE CHRISTIAN PARLOR MAGAZINE

Has come to us laden with many rich and original thoughts. The leading article, "Recognition in the heavenly world," is from the pen of H. P. Tappan, D. D. Although the Dr. does not pretend to establish his position from the Scriptures, he has made a very pretty article. He says, "Death separates us from this changeable state, and introduces us into one which the Gospel teaches us is unchangeable. The soul leaves nothing behind it but the earthly and the imperfect. It carries with it all its noble faculties, its best affections, its immortal energies. It can lose no part of itself. That other world to which it goes is one perfectly adapted to all its wants, and opens to it a proper field for its activities." In what way the learned Doctor reconciles this with the Doctrine of the Soul's irrecoverable loss and its eternal sinfulness and rebellion we do not know. How singe into the future world to debase and destroy the soul forever when it leaves behind the earthly and imperfect, we cannot tell. If the soul can lose no part of itself, but goes into the future state with all its noble faculties and its best affections (a position we would not for a moment deny,) then it seems to us quite reasonable to hope that a soul thus disenthralled from earth and imperfection, and possessing such powers, may ultimately reach immortal purity and blessedness, instead of enduring endless torments.

Besides, if our best affections, love, sympathy, &c., are to go to the eternal world, inspired with new vigor, and a keener sensibility from being released from earthly imperfection, how can the souls in heaven endure the thought that their relatives and friends are suffering the miseries of an endless hell? We have not designed however, to review this article, yet we could hardly forbear mentioning our conviction, that the Dr. needs a faith in the fulness of the Gospel to appreciate the beauty of his own thoughts on this subject. We believe there will be a "recognition in the heavenly world," and that this recognition will not be confined to those who were saints together in the earth; but "tears will be wiped from off all faces," sin finished and an end made of transgression.

The 5th Article is by Rev. E. F. Hatfield, entitled "Good Breeding," which Mr. Hatfield defines to be "*Real kindness, kindly expressed.*" True benevolence, he says, is the only basis on which it can subsist. And where this is connected with a knowledge of human nature, and converts that knowledge into as many acts of kindness, and as few of unkindness as possible, there you may expect to find good breeding. In vain will

you look for it elsewhere. Real kindness, kindly expressed, is politeness the world over. We hope Mr. Hatfield will keep in mind his definition of good breeding and the basis on which it rests, whenever he is disposed to speak and write of Universalists and their doctrine. Rev. F. G. Clark, Mrs. E. F. Ellet, Pr. Alden, Prof. Tappan, Rev. H. T. Cheever, and Mrs. H. B. Stowe, are among the contributors to "the Christian Parlor Magazine." There is one feature of the work which deserves notice. It claims to be a *Christian* publication and to be written in a *Christian Spirit*, and yet it is free from that ordinary cant and sectarian character which too frequently distinguish such publications. All sects may read it without fearing an assault upon their cherished creed, or dreading an attack of their articles of faith.

The work is published monthly, at 135 Nassau, by George Pratt, at \$2.00 per annum in advance. The copy sent us contains two of Sartain's splendid embellishments, it is well printed on good paper and comprises about 30 pages royal octavo.

THE PERFECT MAN.

Our thanks are due to Br. H. Jewell, of Cincinnati, Ohio, for a copy of his discourse delivered in the First Universalist Church, in Cincinnati, on the life and character of the venerate Griffin Yeatman, who died March 4th, 1849, aged 79 years; in which is considered his relation to the city—to the Masonic institution—and to the Church of Christ.

The discourse is a warm tribute to the memory of a good man. It treats of Mr. Yeatman's connection with the history and progress of Cincinnati; of his relations to the Masonic fraternity; and of his religious connections and sympathies. On the first named subject the preacher says:

"Mr. Yeatman's moral worth and capacity for business, appear to have been duly appreciated by his fellow-citizens. We find that for more than forty years, he sustained some responsible office in the gift of the people. He was a member of the Town Council under the old government; and at the commencement of the present century he officiated as City Clerk. He was also Justice of the Peace for many years. He sustained the office of Recorder of Hamilton county for twenty-eight years, to the entire satisfaction of the people who were always proud to give him any office within their power."

In regard to his connection with the Masonic Institution, of which he was a member for nearly sixty years, Mr. Jewell says:

"From the natural tendency of his mind, and more especially from his theological views, the deceased saw that such principles were peculiarly adapted to the condition of the human family. He had seen Masonry do that for a distressed brother, which the Church, as such, had not done. He had witnessed its works of charity and mercy—he had felt the silken bands by which it binds its members together, and had seen that golden chain which unites the great brotherhood below, with the Father and the Redeemed in Heaven. He saw in this and kindred institutions, an embodiment and practical demonstration of the benign examples and precepts given to the world by the Son of God. And here, we have the true reason why he was so ardently attached to Masonry. The Church and the Lodge-room were places which he loved next to his home and his family."

Speaking of Mr. Yeatman as a Universalist, the preacher says:

"He became a believer in the doctrine that God will have all men to come unto a knowledge of the truth and be saved, about 40 years ago, and joined the Universalist Society in this city soon after its organization; of which he remained a most inestimable and beloved member up to the day of his death. He was a man of few words, of true liberality—generous, kind, sympathetic—ardently attached to the interests of the Church. For nearly twenty years in succession he was one of the Trustees of the First Universalist Society in this city. He was always ready, and happy to do his part to help the cause along

—willing and glad to work somewhere,—never absent from his seat in Church, if it were possible to be present. It is thought that he was not absent from Church more than two services in each year for the past ten years! As sure as the preacher was present, he would be certain to find “father Yeatman,” as we all were accustomed to call him. He delighted in the services of the sanctuary. It grieved him to witness the least indications of indifference or disunion among the members. He was a man of modest feelings—retiring in his habits, and hence he said but little, but *did much*. He knew that it was what a man *did*, not what he said. It is not every one that says Lord, Lord, but he who *does* the will of God, that enters into the enjoyment of that kingdom which is joy, peace and righteousness in the Holy Ghost. It is emphatically *what the man is*, not what he believes, thinks, or promises, that tells upon the cause of immortal truth. Father Yeatman had carefully considered the blessings of pure and undefiled religion to the nations of the earth. He saw that the preaching of the Gospel, and the support of the Sunday School enterprise, through whose benign influence the young are being religiously educated, were indispensably necessary to the true prosperity, the very safety and vitality of the city, state and nation. Believing thus, what was his undeviating practice? *To throw his whole influence in the right scale.* No matter who officiated as the preacher, *he was sure to be there in his place, prepared to gather all the good, and cast the bad away.* He knew that his personal presence, as is the fact with all, was needful to help the cause along. That if one neglected plain, obvious duties, another might and so the cause, so far as its believers are concerned, dwindle and die. Principle, and not policy, with him, prevailed. He followed the dictates of matured reflection and a calm judgment. God be praised for such a man. And the Sunday School, too, shared in his true sympathies. Frequently was he found witnessing its regular Sunday morning sessions, charmed with the sweet little voices as they went up hymning the praises of Him who is the benefactor and Father of us all. When the annual exhibition came round, no one was more interested than he. In all things, he walked worthy of the high vocation wherewith he was called.

GENTLEMEN:—Will you oblige a subscriber by informing him whether Mr. Thos. Starr King has become a Unitarian Clergyman? Whether he has rejected the doctrine of Universalism, and embraced the belief of the Unitarians? Having twice heard him in Unitarian churches, and also hearing that he has become the pastor of a Unitarian church, I very much doubt his Universalism. J. T. P.

The 1st query of a “Subscriber” is answered by informing him that Rev. T. S. King has become a Unitarian clergyman. At least, we think it safe to answer thus as he is the pastor of a Unitarian church in Boston. To the 2d question of our correspondent, we reply: Br. King has not rejected the doctrine of Universalism, nor did the Unitarian Society, with whom he labors to general satisfaction, reject him on this account. We think our friend has no more reason to doubt the Universalism of Br. King, than he has to doubt the Universalism of several prominent Unitarian Clergymen who hold our views of the nature and extent of salvation. Some Universalists are Trinitarian in their views of the Divine Being, and yet no reasonable doubts can be entertained of their Universalism. To us there is no anomaly in the term Unitarian-Universalist, and such we regard the position of Br. T. S. King.

A PRAISEWORTHY ACT.

The ladies of the Universalist Society in Albany have recently held a social Tea Party for the purpose of raising means with which to furnish a new and fire-proof roof for the church. We are gratified to be able to say, that the party was a very happy and interesting affair, that the object contemplated was fully secured, a sum sufficient having been realized for the purpose named, and that the roof has already been put on the church. Our ladies have thus done a very necessary and praiseworthy act, and for it they shall be long remembered. W. H. W.

NORTHERN, N. Y.

Now, that the Magazine and Advocate has been united to the Messenger and Ambassador, will not our religious friends in Northern New York, increase their list of subscribers to this paper, for in consequence of the union it has become much more valuable and interesting. We have hosts of friends in St. Lawrence, Franklin and Clinton Co's., who, I am satisfied, do not take any of our denominational papers, many, if not all of whom, can and should subscribe for one. The same, doubtless, is true of Jefferson Co.

This is not only to remind them of these things, but to tender to them the fraternal regards of S. C. Bulkeley & Co., who are now, more than ever, ready and waiting to hear from them. Brethren, do not wait until we see you face to face on this subject, but send on your names at your earliest convenience. Now is a good time to subscribe, for this number commences the half volume. W. H. W.

SIGN OF IMPROVEMENT.

Not hearing to the contrary, and judging from a letter of Br. Douglass, published in this paper last week, I am led to believe that the Orthodox in Potsdam, St. Lawrence Co., are improving in Christian civility. They attend our meetings on funeral occasions, and many of them on other occasions. This they have done for many years; but then their children do not now deface the Universalist Church in that village, nor throw stones into the windows! This, surely, is an improvement, and is, I trust, but an indication of what is still the better state of things there. The blessing of God rest upon that portion of the vineyard—it is an interesting field of labor. W. H. W.

DR. BALDWIN—PREACHING.

There is a great desire among some young men, to be very *nice* preachers, beautiful, elegant, transcendental in their style. The good old Gospel of Jesus and the Apostles does not suit their taste—it is too plain—too antiquated—they desire something more beautiful—more elevated. We would commend to the attention of such the following description of Dr. Baldwin's style of preaching, which is taken from the Watchman, a Baptist paper:

“He was emphatically a preacher of ‘the word.’ He felt that he was called to utter God's thoughts after Him; no more, and no less. With many there is an itching for originality, than which nothing can be more out of place in a mere agent. Dr. B. had none of the infirmity of wishing to amend the instructions of his Master. He entered the pulpit with more grace in his heart than human wisdom, spake more impressively than brilliantly, and sought to be before his people, but a dim shadow in the pervading light of God. The congregation, of course, turned from the sanctuary to think, rather than admire, to recall the message, instead of the messenger.”

GOVERNMENT AND RUM.

Will Government abandon the horrible practice of dealing out rum to sailors and soldiers? Hear what an exchange says on this subject:

“Draco, an Athenian legislator, punished drunkenness with death, and Lycurgus destroyed the vines to prevent intemperance, and modern heathen rulers have taken a similar stand against the same vice, as in the case of some of the Pacific islands, while our own enlightened government makes the very agent and stimulus of all drunkenness a part of the sailor's and soldier's rations. It thus accomplishes by law what wise heathen rulers sought to prevent. If any man should say drunkenness is punished in the army and navy, we reply, verily it is, and most magnanimous is it to encircle a man by law with the fiercest flames of temptation, and then flog him if he gets burned!”

REV. WALTER BALFOUR.

We cut the following from the *Trumpet*. Mr. Balfour is one of our most eminent writers :

"We spent an hour or two with this worthy brother last week. He is obliged to keep himself somewhat confined at home, in consequence of the difficulty he experiences in walking. He can travel at short distances from his house, but even this is done with hesitation. His mind seems to be clear and bright as usual; and his views, as expressed in his various books, remain unchanged. He has already passed the point in human life beyond threescore and ten; but we hope he may remain with us yet for years to come. 'An honest man is the noblest work of God.'"

REMOVE THE CAUSE.

The chief efforts made by governments for the benefit of society are almost entirely wasted, because directed to the cure instead of the prevention of evils. How clearly do we see this in the following statement which we clip from the *Boston Olive Branch* :

"There are, in the single city of Liverpool, England, 65,000 adults who never enter a place of worship for Religious instruction; 12,000 who cannot read; 14,000 families who are wholly destitute of the printed word of God, and 25,000 who attend no school, and whose mental and moral culture is as unattended to as that of the brutes.

ESSAYS ON THE CIVIL LAW.—Just received 12 copies of this work, being a pamphlet of 44 pages, by Joseph Baker. The uncertainties of the law are faithfully delineated in this pamphlet, and its evils and corruptions fearlessly exposed. As we consider an ounce of prevention better than a pound of cure, we advise those about going to law to buy one of these pamphlets—price one shilling, which may save them from an expense and ruinous lawsuit.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LITURGY.—J. M. Usher, 37 Cornhill, Boston, has published a small work bearing the above title, which we think very well suited to the purpose for which it is designed. It contains twenty-eight services, thirty-one hymns, and twelve prayers, and is sold for \$1.00 per dozen. We think the services too short; but that evil can be obviated by reading two at a time. The prayers are of very good length, if the School repeat after the Superintendent. The hymns are very excellent.

MILCH COWS.—If you desire that these should yield liberally to the pail, you must feed them with something better suited to the secretion of rich milk than *dry* provender.—Roots or meal slops of some kind should be given them twice a day, at least say morning and evening. They should have *littered* beds, dry lodgings, moderately warm, be regularly watered thrice a day just before being fed, be curried or combed and rubbed down with a wisp of straw twice a day, and receive, twice a week an ounce of salt, or the same quantity of salt ashes and lime mixed together.—*Maine Cultivator*.

FENCING POSTS.—It is firmly believed by many, and there are facts to sustain the belief, that posts set in the earth with the tops downward, will last considerably longer than if put down in the position in which the tree they are made from naturally grew. This is an important fact, if fact it is.

GRASS ROOTS PIERCING POTATOES.—We have in the office two potatoes dug by Mr. Alvah Ames, through which the roots of witch-grass had penetrated, the point of the grass root resembling a thorn. He found in the field a number of them pierced by these roots.

Miscellaneous Department.

Selected.

HOME.

A BALLAD FOR EVERY BODY.

BY MARTIN F. TUPPER.

I foraged all over this joy-dotted earth,
To pick its best nosegay of innocent mirth,
Tied up with the bands of its wisdom and worth,—
And lo! its chief treasure,
Its innermost pleasure,
Was always at Home.

I went to the palace, and there my fair queen
On the arm of her husband did lovingly lean,
And all the dear babes in their beauty were seen,
In spite of the splendor,
So happy and tender,
For they were at Home!

I turn'd to the cottage, and there my poor hind
Lay sick of a fever,—all meekly resign'd,
For O! the good wife was so cheerful and kind,
In spite of all matters,
An angel in tatters,
And she was at Home!

I ask'd a glad mother, just come from the post
With a letter she kiss'd from a far-away coast,
What heart-thrilling news had rejoiced her the most,—
And gladness for mourning
Her boy was returning
To love her—at home!

I spoke to the soldiers, and sailors at sea,
Where best in the world would they all of them be?
And hark! how they earnestly shouted to me,
With iron hearts throbbing,
And choaking and sobbing,—
O land us at Home!

I came to the desk where old Commerce grew gray,
And ask'd him what help'd him this many a day
In his old smoky room with his ledger to stay?
And it all was the beauty,
The comfort and duty,
That cheer'd him at Home!

I ran to the court, where the sages of law
Were wrangling and jangling at quibble and flaw—
O wondrous to me was the strife that I saw!
But all that fierce riot
Was calm'd by the quiet
That blest them at Home!

I called on the schoolboy, poor love-stricken lad,
Who yearn'd in his loneliness, silent and sad
For the days when again he should laugh and be glad
With his father and mother,
And sister and brother,
All happy at Home!

I tapp'd at the door of the year-stricken eld,
Where age, as I thought, had old memories quell'd—
But still all his garrulous fancies outwell'd
Strange old fashioned stories
Of gladness and glories
That once were at Home!

I whisper'd the prodigal, wanton and wild,
How changed from the heart that you had when a child,
So teachable, noble, and modest, and mild!—
Though sin had undone him
Thank God that I won him
By looking at Home!

And then when he wept, and you'd better life,
I hasten'd to snatch him from peril and strife,
By finding him wisely a tender young wife,—

Whose love should allure him,
And gently secure him
A convert at Home!

So he that had raced after pleasure so fast,
And still as he ran had its goal overpast,
Found happiness, honor, and blessing at last,
In all the kind dealings,
Affections and feelings,
That ripen at Home!

A BOLD TRAITOR.

FROM THE FRENCH, BY MISS A. T. WILBUR.

The most intimate friend of Henry IV., next to Sully, was the Duc de Biron. The king had made him at the age of forty, Marshal of France, and Governor of Burgundy.

'He is a brave man,' said he, 'whom I can present to my friends and my enemies.'

Now, one day at Fontainebleau, a man entered the presence of Henry, and submitted to him proofs that Biron was plotting to deliver France to Spain, and the rights of the dauphin to the son of the Marquis de Verneuil. These proofs were letters from the hand of the marshal, and his original treaty with the Duke of Savoy. There remained no possibility of doubt.

The good king swooned with grief, and summoned Biron to Fontainebleau. The duke arrived wrapped up in his pride, and persuaded that no one knew his secret. In vain his sister exclaimed:

'If you go further, you are ruined!'

He replied, like Le Balafre to the states of Blois:

'They dare not!'

And he entered, with a lofty brow, the presence of the king.

Henry embraced him, took him by the hand, led him through his new building, and told him, in private, that he had received unpleasant information respecting him, but that a full pardon would be the result of a sincere avowal.

'Not having offended, I desire no pardon!' cried the marshal.

The man who had betrayed him, and who wished him to persevere in his denial had whispered to him:

'Good courage and a good face, my master; they know nothing!'

Henry returned to the charge. He spoke to Biron as a friend, as a father. He reminded him that they had slept side by side on the battle fields. He opened his heart to him, and adjured him to open his own in return.

'I know all,' said he at last, pressing him in his arms. 'Speak and I will instantly forget it—I entreat you as a brother. No one but myself shall know it.'

The duke believed himself exposed to a snare, and remained impassible. The more the king's earnestness increased, the more increased this boldness. He broke out into bitter reproaches, and demanded the names of his accusers.

'I will leave him this day for reflection, and this night to ask counsel,' said the Bearnais to himself.

In the evening he found him at tennis, and gayly played against him.

'Marshal! cried Epernon to him, "you play well, but your adversary will beat."

All eyes, and especially the eyes of the king, were turned upon Biron. He did not understand the allusion or feigned not to understand it.

Rosny de Sully and the Comte de Soissons made an attempt, and succeeded no better.

Henry retired and rose at daybreak. He summoned the marshal into the little garden, near the aviary. They were seen from the distance to talk together sometime.

The guilty man struck his breast, but it was only to protest his innocence and to threaten his calumniators.

At last the clemency of the king was exhausted. Out of patience, he re-entered the chateau, and consulted the queen and Sully. The minister proposed to detain Biron in his cabinet, and cause him to be arrested there.

'No,' replied Henry. "If he defends himself, he may be wounded, and I do not wish blood to flow in my presence. Put on your boots, Sully, and let your people do the same, at 9 o'clock."

Then he summoned Vitry and Praslin, and ordered them to hold themselves in readiness to obey him.

The night drew on slowly. The entire court was in expectation, everybody speaking low. The marshal alone affected composure.

Supping with Montigny, he was praising the King of Spain at the expense of the King of France.

'You forget' replied some one, "that Philip II. never pardons an offence; not even of his own son."

Biron rose, as if he had understood nothing, and went to play at prime with the king.

At the door, a letter was placed in his hands, containing these words:

"If you do not withdraw, you will be arrested in two hours."

He showed it laughingly to his friend Varennes.

'Ah, monsieur! said the latter, with a terror, 'I would be willing to have a dagger in my heart to know you were in Burgundy.'

'Though ten daggers awaited me,' replied the duke, 'I would not retreat one step.'

While he was playing with the Queen, Auvergne, his accomplice, touched him on the shoulder, and said, in a low voice:

'It is not good for us to be here.'

Biron did not eventurn.

Midnight was about to sound. Every one went away. The King wished to make one more trial. He led the duke into the enclosure of a window, and spoke to him thus:

'What would you do, Biron, to the man who, having been your best friend, your brother-in-arms, should become your most dangerous enemy, who should conspire against your kingdom, against your children, against your life?'

'I would not believe it, sire, and I would kill the authors of such an imposture.'

'But if it was a truth clear as day, denied only by the guilty one; if you had in your hands all the proofs of his treason, which he denied only from pride and foolhardiness.'

The duke trembled, and looked anxiously at the king but he still thought best to persist in the declaration of his innocence and grew more and more firm in his denial.

'Then,' replied he, 'I would kill my friend himself, the traitor!'

'Even if he acknowledge his crime at the last moment and repented of it to throw himself into your arms; even if he recalled to you the days when you had but one purse, one bed, and one thought; even if he fell at your feet with tears of remorse?'

'I would strike him without mercy!' exclaimed the marshal.

'Ah! Biron! insensate man!' replied the king, you have pronounced your own death-warrant. Well I am unwilling to execute it, for I still love you; I wish to save you, in spite of yourself. I know all! I tell you. And I ask only that you acknowledge it. Give me your hand as formerly before battles; embrace me as once you did after victories. Let me see in your eyes one sincere tear, let me hear from your lips one sincere word

of affection, and all is effaced! we shall have had only a bad dream, and our hearts shall be henceforth one.'

'I do not understand you sire,' replied the duke, directing his steps towards the door.

'Baron de Biron, you will soon comprehend me!' added Henry, going out at the same time.

And as he spoke thus, Vitry, at the head of the guards arrested Biron in the antichamber.

'In the name of the king, your sword, marshal!'

The blinded man at last opened his eyes and cried out:

'I wish to speak with his majesty!'

'He is not there, it is too late! your sword monsieur!'

'My sword, my sword, which has done so much good service!'

'Such are my orders; you must surrender it, voluntarily or by force.'

Further resistance was impossible: Biron gave up the weapon, raised his head and followed the guards.

But the same instant, Praslin arrested the Comte d'Auvergne, who took the thing philosophically.

'Here is my sword,' said he; 'it has killed only wild bears. If you had arrested me two hours ago, I should have been quietly sleeping.'

Transported the next day from Fontainebleau to Paris, Biron was judged, condemned and beheaded, in the court of the Bastille, the 21st of July, 1602.—(Littell's Living Age.

ROYAL ANECDOTE.

As Joseph II., Emperor of Austria, was driving his one horse cabriolet, dressed in the garb of a private citizen, he was accosted by a soldier, who mistaking him for a man of the middle class, requested a seat in the vehicle.

'Willingly,' replied the emperor, 'jump in, comrade, for I am in a hurry.'

The soldier was soon seated alongside of the emperor and became very loquacious.

'Come, comrade, said he, slapping the emperor familiarly on the back, 'are you good at guessing?'

'Perhaps I am,' said Joseph—'try me.'

'Well, then, my boy, conjure up your wits, and tell me what I had for breakfast.'

'Sour krout!'

'Come, none of that, comrade—try again.'

'Perhaps a Westphaliaham,' replied the emperor, willing to humor his companion.

'Better than that,' exclaimed the soldier

'Sausages from Bologna, and Hockheimer from the Rhine!'

'Better than that—d'ye give up?'

'I do!'

'Open your eyes and ears, then,' said the soldier bluntly; 'I had a pheasant, by Jove! shot in Emperor Joe's park, ha, ha!'

When the exultation of the soldier had subsided, Joseph said quietly—

'I want to try your skill in guessing, comrade. See if you can name the rank I hold!'

'You're a—no—hang it! you're not smart enough for a cornet.'

'Better than that,' said the emperor.

'A Lieutenant?'

'Better than that.'

'A Captain?'

'Better than that.'

'A Major?'

'Better than that.'

'A General?'

'Better than that.'

The soldier was now fearfully agitated—he had diff-

ed his hat, and sat bare-headed—he could scarcely articulate.

'Pardon me, your Excellency, you are Field Marshal?'

'Better than that,' replied Joseph.

'Lord help me,' cried the soldier, 'you'er the Emperor!'

He threw himself out of the cabriolet, and knelt for pardon in the mud. The circumstances were not forgotten by either, the emperor often laughed over it, and the soldier received a mark of favor which he could not forget.

LAUGHABLE OCCURRENCE IN CONGRESS.

One of the most amusing interludes to the proceedings of Congress we ever witnessed occurred last evening while the Senate was in session. A grand debate was pending upon a motion to appropriate money for the purchase of Catlin's paintings of 'the Indian Chiefs' participated in by Mr. Webster and others, when Richard M. Johnson, the conqueror of Tecumseh, seated in a chair near the fire in the rear lobby of the chamber, becoming somewhat drowsy, and perhaps imagining himself again in the midst of war-like strife with the red foresters, by the frequent mention of their names in the discussion, gave a tremendous yell and leaped from his chair, as though an arrow at that moment had pierced his body.

Perceiving that he was in a less dangerous predicament than fancy had painted him, but without exactly knowing where he was, he threw his arms aloft, like a person just awakening from a hearty sleep and uttered a yawn so loud and sonorous that it rather resembled the reverberation of an earthquake than the breath of a human being.

It were vain to attempt a sketch of the effect of this unlooked for address. It took, the Senate, galleries and lobbies by storm, and created a laugh which even the Vice-President was compelled to join in.

COMING DOWN.

On Tuesday last the door of our sanctum opened, and presently our eyes fell upon a pedlar crossing the threshold, whose features and *outré* costume proclaimed him of the house of Abraham. Opening a large, oblong paper box, he exposed a countless heap of spectacles, and anxiously inquired if we 'did not want to puy.' Scarcely glancing at his wares, we replied in the negative, and turned our eyes upon a heap of exchanges lying before us, innocently fancying that our reply and manner would serve as a sufficient hint to drive the traveling merchant from our presence. But we were too verdant—the Jew, like all of his trafficking tribe, had not the slightest idea of taking no for an answer.

'I offer him you,' he said, laying a pair of them before us, 'so low ash tree dollarsh. I musht shell a pair—I 'av sell notting to-day, and my wife and shild 'av got no pred—you vill take him?'

We shook our head.

'Ah! you vill not take him at tree dollarsh? Vell, then you shall 'av him at two dollars an' seventy-five—my familee 'av no pred—I mush sacrifice him.'

We looked at him, but were silent.

'Vell, then, if I split the difference—'

'It would make no difference. I have no use for them.'

'Vell, then, you shall 'av him at two dollarsh—my wife and shild musht starve—take him at two dollarsh.'

'What, when we have no use for them?'

'But they are so sheap—take him for a dollar and a quarter!' he persisted, earnestly: 'I cannot let my wife and shild die for want o' pred!'

We shook our head ominously.

'Vell, then, you shall 'av him at a tollar—but the profit vouldn't pay me the crums of a sheese cake. Take him along—you shall 'av him at a tollar!'

'No!'

'Vell vat you vill gif—say quick—you shall 'av him at your own price! Seventy-five shents?'

'No. We have already told you we do not want them!'

'Say half a tollar—I cannot let my wife and shild starve, and I 'av not got the first copper to puy them pred. Take them along at half a tollar.'

We looked at the spectacles, which certainly, were got up, not to use, but to sell—and then we bent our eyes upon the Jew.

'Now,' said we, taking a fifty cent piece from our pocket, and laying it temptingly on the table before him; 'we'll buy those spectacles of you, if you will tell us, truly, what your profit is upon each pair.'

'You gif me your vord, you vill pay, if I tell you?'

'Yes.'

'Then, so help ma gort, if I sell him you at fifty cents, ma only profit is— *three shillings and nine-pence!*'
—(Philad. Dispatch.

Youth's Department.

JAMES LUMBARD, EDITOR.

Original.

LINES FOR AN ALBUM.

What worthy offering may I place
Within this precious casket's store,
Where mem'ry may, in future, trace
The scenes of by-gone days once more?

Dear friend, oh! may I not record
Those hours most precious to my heart,
Spent in that "temple of the Lord,"
From worldly thoughts and cares apart;

Where, side by side, we oft have stood,
The praises of our God to sing;
Or, in deep reverence have bowed;
An offering of love to bring.

Where oft our souls have been refreshed,
From out the ever-gushing stream
Whose banks the Savior's footsteps pressed,
Illumined by love's radiant beam.

There, towards those walls our footsteps turn,
On each returning holy day,
To trim from out life's holy urn,
Devotion's feeble, flickering ray.

And there, to youthful hearts, we teach
Those principles of heavenly truth
Which e'en the infant mind may reach,
To govern and to guide their youth.

Those truths so simple we unfold,
So beautiful, so rare to view,
Which must their guileless spirits mould,
To goodness, love, and virtue too.

O, should we not, with patience, bear
The trials we on earth must meet,
And, with un murmuring lips, forbear
Of other's wrongs and sins to speak.

When faith points upward to a world,
Where, purified from passions vile,
The soul shall dwell, (sin's banner furled,)
Rejoicing in our Father's smile.

Oh, let us, then, indulge this hope,
Founded upon redeeming love!
Embracing in its widening scope
All souls, in earth and heaven above.

And, should the paths we tread, dear friend,
Through life's short, varying journey on,
As now, so oft commingling blend,
In one harmonious union thrown,

We'll thankful be,—and strive to win
The favor of indulgent heaven,
Till summoned hence, and freed from sin,
Immortal joys shall then be given.

E. J. A.

HOW THE BOY HONORED HIS FATHER.

BY M. G. SLEEPER.

The Palace of the Duke de Montre was decorated for a banquet. A thousand wax lights burned in its stately rooms, making them as bright as mid-day. Along the walls glowed the priceless tapestry of the Gobelins, and beneath the foot lay the fabrics of Persia. Rare vases filled with flowers stood on the marble stands, and their breath went up like incense before the life-like pictures shrined in their frames above. In the great hall stood immense tables covered with delicacies from all lands and climes. Upon the sideboard glittered massive plate, and the rich glass of Munrano. Music, now low and soft, now high and bold, floated through the open casement, and was answered at intervals by tones of magic sweetness.

All was ready. The noble and gifted poured into the gorgeous saloons. Silks rustled, plumes waved, and jewelled embroideries flashed from Genoa velvet.—Courtly congratulations fell from every lip, for the Duke de Montre had made a new step in the path to power. Wit sparkled, the laugh went round, and his guests pledged him in wine that a hundred years had mellowed. Proudly the Duke replied; but his brow darkened, and his cheek paled with passion, for his son sat motionless before his untasted cup.

'Wherefore is this?' he angrily asked:

'When did my first-born learn to insult his father!'

The graceful stripling sprang from his seat, and knelt meekly before his parent. His sunny curls fell back from his upturned face, and his youthful countenance was radiant with a brave and generous spirit.

'Father,' he said, 'last night I learned a lesson that sunk deep into my heart. Let me repeat it, and then at thy command I will drain the cup. I saw a laborer stand at the door of a gay shop. He held in his hand the earnings of a week, and his wife, with a sickly babe and two famishing little ones, clung to his garments, and besought him not to enter. He tore himself away, for his thirst was strong, and but for the care of a stranger his family would have perished.

'We went on, and, father, a citizen of noble air and majestic form, descended the wide steps of his fine mansion. His wife put back the curtains, and watched him eagerly and wistfully as he rode away. She was very very lovely, fairer than any lady of the court, but the shadow of a sad heart was fast falling upon her beauty. We saw her gaze around upon the desolate splendor of her saloon, and then clasp her hands in the wild agony of despair. When we returned, her hus-

band lay helpless on a couch, and she sat weeping beside him.

'Once more we paused. A carriage stopped before a palace. It was rich with burnished gold, and the armorial bearings of a duke were visible in the moon beams. We waited for its owner to alight, but he did not move, and he gave no orders. Soon the servants came crowding out. Sorrowfully they lifted him in their arms, and I saw that his rich, plumed cap was torn and soiled as if by the pressure of many footsteps. They bore him into the palace, and I wondered whether his dutchess wept like the beautiful wife of the citizen.

'As I looked on all this, my tutor told me that it was the work of the red wine, which leaps gaily up and laughs over its victims, in demon merriment. I shuddered, father, and resolved never again to taste lest I too should fall. But your word is law to me. Shall I drain the cup?'

The duke looked wonderingly upon his first-born, and then placing his hand gravely, yet fondly upon his head answered:

'No, my son, touch it not. It is poison as thy tutor told thee. It fires the brain, darkens the intellect, destroys the soul. Put it away from thee, and so shalt thou grow up wise and good, a blessing to thyself and to thy country.'

He glanced around the circle. Surprise and admiration were on every face, and moved by the same impulse all rose, while one of the number spoke:

'Thou hast done nobly, boy, he said; 'and thy rebuke shall not be forgotten. We have congratulated your father upon the passing season. We now congratulate him upon that best of all possessions, a son worthy of France, and of himself.'

The haughty courtiers bowed a glowing assent, and each clasped the hand of the boy. But the father took to his heart, and even now, among the treasured relics of the family is numbered that silver cup.—[Ch Watchman.

THE FOREST FUNERAL.

She was a fair child, with masses of long black hair lying over her pillow. Her eye was dark and piercing and as it met mine she started slightly, but smiled and looked upward. I spoke a few words to her father, and turning to her, asked her if she knew her condition.

'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' said she, in a voice whose melody was like the sweetest strain of the Æolian. You may imagine that the answer startled me and with a very few words of the like import I turned from her. A half hour passed, and she spoke in the same deep, rich, melodious voice—

'Father, I am cold—lie down beside me; and the old man lay down by his dying child, and she twined her arms around his neck, and murmured in a dreamy voice 'dear father, dear father!'

'My child,' said the man, 'doth the flood seem deep to thee?'

'Nay, father, for my soul is strong.'

'Seest thou the thither shore?'

'I see it father—and its banks are green with immortal verdure.'

'Hearest thou the voices of its inhabitants?'

'I hear them father—as the voices of angels, falling from afar in the still and solemn night time; and they call me; her voice, too, father, O, I heard it then.'

'Doth she speak to thee?'

'She speaketh in tones most heavenly.'

'Doth she smile?'

'An angel smile! But a cold, calm smile. But I am cold, cold, cold! Father, there is a mist in the room. You'll be lonely. Is this death, father?'

'It is death, my Mary.'

'Thank God!'

Sabbath evening came, and a slow procession wound through the forest to the little school-house. There, with simple rites the good clergyman performed his duty, and went to the grave. The procession was short. There were hardy men and rough in shooting jackets, and some with rifles on their shoulders. But their warm hearts gave beauty to their unshaven faces, as they stood in reverent silence by the grave. The river murmured and the birds sang, and so we buried her.

I saw the sun go down from the same spot—and the stars were bright before I left; for I always had an idea that a grave-yard was the nearest place to heaven on earth—and with old Sir Thomas Brown, I love to see a church in a grave-yard, for even as we pass through the place of graves to the temple of God on earth so we must pass through the grave to the temple of God on high.

ALLEGANY ASSOCIATION.

The Allegany Association of Universalists will meet in Rushford, Allegany County, N. Y., the fourth Wednesday and following Thursday in June, (27th and 28th.) A full delegation from each Church and Society should be in attendance.

Ministers, and all others who can, are invited to be with us on that occasion. B. HUNT, Standing Clerk.

SUNDAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION.

The New York State Universalist Sunday School Association will hold its next Annual Session in the Universalist Church, at Richfield Springs, Otsego Co., on Tuesday, May the 29th, 1849, at 10 o'clock.

It is hoped that all the Schools in the State will be represented. This can easily be done, if our friends will only act. See to it early, then, that you appoint your Delegates, and, by all means, have them come. If you cannot possibly send delegates, then send us written reports of the condition of your respective Schools—number of scholars—average attendance, male and female—number of teachers, male and female—average attendance—number of volumes in the library—general condition and prospects of the School.

You can send such reports by some person from your vicinity, who will attend the Association, or you may send them post paid, to me at Little Falls, Herkimer Co., any time before the 25th of May.

Br. H. Boughhton, of Scipio, was last year appointed to deliver the Occasional Address before this body, which will take place on Thursday morning, May 31.

Brethren and friends, one and all, come to the Association, and also to the State Convention, which will meet in the same place on Wednesday and Thursday of the same week. J. H. HARTER, Rec. Sec.

Little Falls, April 24, 1849.

Will the "Trumpet" and "Guardian" please copy.

NEW-YORK MARKET—WHOLESALE PRICES.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

PROVISIONS.

Flour, per bbl.,	\$4 81a 87	Beef, mess, per. bbl.	10 87
Wheat, Genesee, bush.,	1 25	" Prime, "	\$9 75
" Western, " 1 02	1 05	Lard, per lb., 5 1 4	6 1 2
Indian Meal, per bbl.,	4 75	Cheese, "	6 3-4a 7
Corn, round, per bush.,	62	Butter, Orange Co. dairy,	21a 22
" mixed, "	55a 56	" Western "	15
" New Orleans, "	51a 52	" Ohio Common,	12a 13
Rye, " "	56	Salt, Turks' Island, bush.,	21
Oats, " "	36a 37	" L'pool grnd, sack, 1 03a	1 09
Pork, Mess, per bbl., 10 12	10 25	" " fine, "	1 10a 115
" Prime, "	\$8 25	Wool, pulled and fleece,	26 a 27

MISCELLANEOUS.]

Hay, pressed, per 100 lbs.	50a 56	Timothy Seed, tierce,	17a 13
Hops, per lb.,	9a 10	Clover " per lb.,	6a 63-5
Feathers, live American,	37 1-2	Flax, rough, in bulk, per	
Flax, per lb.,	9	bushel,	1 20a 1 22